The Evening Times.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

Subscription Rates to Out of Town Points, Postage Prepaid.

MORNING EDITION.		EVENING EDITION.	
One year	$5.00	One year	$3.00
Six months	$2.50	Six months	$1.50
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Sunday edition only, one year	$2.00	Morning, Evening and Sunday, one year	$10.00
Six months	$1.00	Six months	$5.00
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A Case for Solomon.

One of those problems that are regarded as incapable of solution by mortal man seems to have been brought to the front in the case of Mrs. Josephine Kets-Kemethy, wife of a Washington photographer, who has been arrested on complaint of Miss Rena Dodson and charged with attempt to kill.

About all that is known to the unhappy policemen who were the first to confront this problem in an official capacity, is that Mrs. Kets-Kemethy fired a bullet from a pistol in the photograph gallery of Mr. Kets-Kemethy. As is natural in the case when a woman does such a thing, the bullet has not been located. Miss Dodson avers that she was the target at which Mrs. Kets-Kemethy aimed, and this would seem to be supported by the fact that Miss Dodson was not hit.

On the other hand, however, Mrs. Kets-Kemethy claims that she fired at her husband, and again is there an apparent confirmation of this assertion in the fact that Mr. Kets-Kemethy, too, is unscathed. Finally, the neighbors of the Kets-Kemethys declare that Mrs. Kets-Kemethy fired neither at her husband nor at Miss Dodson, but in the air, her intent being merely to frighten both of them.

So there you are—an apparently serious case at law hinging upon the weird mystery of a woman's aim with a firearm. Only one man was present to witness the performance. He is diplomatically silent as to the identity of the target. As to the conflicting stories of the two women on the spot, surely Mrs. Kets-Kemethy should know at whom she intended to aim her pistol—yet as surely should Miss Dodson know if the grim muzzle was directed at her when the shot was fired.

As for the bullet—ask of the winds that far around with fragments strewed the sea, or words to that effect. Who can hope to locate a bullet fired by a woman? The Solomon who presides on the bench of the Washington Police Court has the effort of his life confronting him. He also has our sympathy.

The Last Straw.

For several years past there has been a literal craze for the dramatization of novels, and not only novels but other books. It began with the staging of popular works of fiction, the sale of which might be depended upon to advertise the play, while the success of the play would in like manner advertise the book. It was a remarkably fine application of Artemus Ward's proverb about back-scratching. There is no knowing how many people who, in other circumstances, would never have read anything, have been led by this means to peruse at least the books chosen for exploitation by their favorite actors.

But there is a limit to this manner of making the public familiar with the best literature; and likewise there is a limit to the patience of the public which does not need to be prodded into entering the doors of a library. This point has been reached. They are dramatizing the Moody and Sankey hymn-book, beginning with one of the hymns.

It was feared at one time that some enterprising manager would undertake to stage the dictionary, or the census reports, or one of Mr. Howell's novels, or some equally somnolent and monotonous statement of facts; and only the strenuous objections of a shocked public have kept some of them from dramatizing the Bible on the ground that the Miracle Play at Oberammergau is a paying production. But if we have escaped these calamities only to fall into a worse predicament, there is little reason for rejoicing.

In the first place, the mere idea of one of his hymns on the stage ought to be enough to make Mr. Sankey enter protest in a court of law, and that would advertise them both, to the weariness of everybody. In the second place, there is no excuse for giving any further publicity to the hymns themselves. There was probably never a worse collection of tunes or verses let loose upon an unoffending world than those same hymns; and they have done more to debauch our musical taste, prevent the production of really good popular music, and destroy those feelings which are rightly associated with church music of the right sort, than any other agency in this generation.

Campaign bids for the Princeton student vote introduce a new tiger into the political field.

Bernhardt seems to have conquered Germany, but stage victories won't win back Alsace and Lorraine for France.

At any rate, Michigan relieves the monotony by adding disaffection to apathy in the political situation.

Maybe Mexico's fight against railway monopoly will teach us how to tackle the octopus successfully.

Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, suffers the distinction of achieving the quickest boomerang act on record.

Captain Marmaduke, of the Colombian navy, is looking for the insurgent fleet. Show him—he's from Missouri.

Hard coal at $7.25 a ton is just like getting money from home.

THE OUTLOOK FOR LABOR.

By Prof. HENRY CARTER ADAMS, of the University of Michigan.

Among the many changes which mark the development of economic theory during the past century none pervades a larger number of arguments than the substitution of the idea of a standard of living for that of a struggle for existence.

It was not until machinery had doubled or trebled the productivity of labor that the pessimism and despair which lurks in the idea that a struggle for physical existence is the inevitable lot of man gave way before the optimism which springs from the thought that a high standard of living and a reasonable amount of leisure lie within the possible realization of the great body of the people. This is not the product of philosophy, but the fruit of invention.

The workman has become a social power on account of the fact that he is, in large measure, relieved from the struggle for the necessities of life.

A slight analysis makes it evident that high wages for the mass of people have become an essential condition for the continued development of industrial efficiency. The approximate motive to industry is the desire on the part of the employer to gain a profit. This he can do as long as he can sell the goods produced at a remunerative price. His sales, however, are at any time limited by the purchasing power of those for whom his goods are made, and, inasmuch as the class of goods which machines make must be consumed by the great body of the people, if consumed at all, it follows that continuous and healthful production is limited by the scale of wages.

It thus becomes evident that the demand of the working class for continually higher wages, so far from being an obstacle to the growth of industry and commerce, is one of the essential conditions of that growth—a fact which cannot be overlooked by one who is called upon to judge of a reasonable or just or politic rate of wages.

From the point of view of the labor problem, the most far-reaching consequence of the disappearance of industrial localism is the gradual crystallization of the conviction that the independent workers in the midst of an industrial organization adjusted to the requirements of machinery, and producing goods for a world's market, is an anachronism, and that any attempt to perpetuate the old John Stuart Mill idea of "industrial individuality" when discussing wages, conditions of employment, or the moral rights of the workman, is a folly of which no wise man would care to be convicted.

The only way to preserve the individuality of labor in the midst of the socially organized industry is to recognize labor organizations as the agencies to conclude labor contracts and to take such steps as will hold these organizations to the responsible execution of their contracts.

Another result of the triumph of great industries and of a world's market is found in the new code of industrial morals. No class in the community is more vitally interested in this new moral outlook than the laborer. With it he is powerful, so long as he conforms to its rules; without it he would be powerless. It is not, of course, the fundamental principles of morality that have changed, but the conditions to which those principles apply. On its moral side the significance of a world's market is found in the increased interdependence of classes, of interests, and of localities.

Altruism was once an individual idiosyncrasy; it is now a social necessity. Social service was once imposed as a duty; it is now coming to be recognized as essential to the conservation of our highly organized society.

One of the remarkable facts of modern times is the rapidity with which public opinion can be crystallized. The lesson to be gained from the foregoing rapid survey of the social workings of the industrial revolution is the promise it holds for the future.

This promise is nothing less than the emancipation of the worker from the necessity of excessive toil, and this, provided education in the art of reasonable living proceeds with equal speed, means the realization of a social life that satisfies.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Paderewski is at work on another opera. When the scenes from "Manru" are given in Berlin by Richard Strauss, Anthes, the German tenor, will sing several of the solos.

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Mignonne Palmer, daughter of Emma Nevada Palmer, is said to have a beautiful soprano voice which gives promise of making her as famous as her mother. Mme. Nevada is in Paris and will probably come to America for another concert tour in 1904.

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Myron Whitney, jr., will soon make his operatic debut at Nantes, France. Mr. Whitney is well known in America through his concert and oratorio successes.

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"An American Invasion," the new comedy by Madeline Lucette Ryley, in which Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dodson (Annie Irish) made their first appearance as stars at the Bijou Theater, New York, a week ago, has failed to develop the box office strength required, and will be taken off November 8. Mabelle Gilman, somewhat prominent in the musical comedy world, will make her appearance as a luminary in the theatrical firmament at the Bijou as soon as the house is vacated by the Dodsons.

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Adelina Patti has commenced her annual concert tour through England. She will sing in Albert Hall, London, November 20.

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Tibor Remenyi, son of the famous violinist, will read some of his own poems before the "Cercle Litteraire Franco-Americaine" in New York. Young Remenyi's poems have appeared in some of the highest class Parisian magazines.

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Whitney Tew, the distinguished basso, will arrive in America some time in December for a concert tour through the New England States. Mr. Tew is now making a tour in Great Britain.

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After being numbered among the unemployed in the theatrical world for some months, James T. Powers will soon blossom forth as a star, and will be seen in a musical comedy by Frederick Ranken, who wrote the words of "The Chaperons," and who is also responsible for several other pieces of a similar character, the best of which is "The Ameer," used several seasons ago by Frank Daniels. Mr. Powers will first appear as a star next month. At least three well-known managers offered to place the Powers picture on the billboards throughout the country, but the comedian had a negative reply for all such suggestions, simply because he was not satisfied with the musical pieces in which it was proposed to have him play.

* * *

Twelve recitals will be given this year by the Peabody Conservatory. The first concert will be offered tomorrow with David Bispham as soloist. Among the other distinguished artists who will appear at the concerts are Gabrilowitsch, Frederic Lamond, Emmanuel Wad, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Lillian Blauvelt, and Maud McCarthy.

* * *

Blanche Walsh, one of the most talented actresses of the native stage had a distressing experience at Wheeling, W. Va., two nights ago, when she presented for the first time her new play, "The Daughter of Hamilcar." Miss Walsh was not in physical condition to appear, but although her physician ordered her to remain in her hotel, she persisted in giving what is said to have been an excellent performance. The play was originally scheduled to have its first presentation Monday night, but Miss Walsh's illness caused a postponement, and she was determined that a second postponement should not occur. "The Daughter of Hamilcar" is by Stanislaus Stange, who wrote the Whitney version of "Quo Vadis," and the libretto of Lulu Glaser's opera, "Dolly Varden."

* * *

Melba is now in her native land, Australia, where she will sing for a limited number of weeks. This is the first visit of the prima donna to her home in sixteen years. It is said that the sale of tickets was announced for a certain morning at 9 o'clock, but a crowd of three hundred people had gathered at 8 o'clock the preceding evening, so great was the anxiety to hear Melba.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I whispered to the sun,
I'd throw a few more sunbeams on the grass;
For know you not that ere the day is done
My lady down the meadow lands will pass?

And seeing that you reign aloft alone,
There are so many things that you might do;
Shake myriads of sunbeams from your throne,
Or sweep the hazy sky from gray to blue.

If I were you, I murmured to the stream
That wound its twisted way to find the sea,
I'd leave in every nook a tinted dream
That one who passed might stay a while with me.

Oh, River, Sunlight, Summer, Shadows, Trees,
There are so many things that I would do,
Such songs I'd utter to the morning breeze,
If I were you—if I were only you!

—Naomi Saunders, in Chamber's Journal.

"Of Making Many Books There Is No End."

Hall Caine's Son.

Gordon Caine, the eighteen-year-old son of Hall Caine, has been making observations on American life as seen by him. He likes the head-line feature of American newspapers, and would like to see it adopted in London. He tells a story of a little girl in London who was sent by her mother to buy a paper containing news of the war in South Africa The dealer gave her one of the usual close-printed London papers, but she returned in a few minutes with the message: "Mamma wants a poster—there's nothing in the paper."

A Literary Peer.

It is rumored that Mr. Lecky, the historian, is to be made a peer. He is now a member of the House of Commons, and his speeches there are much the same as he would make to a gathering of literary men. An ostensible reason for making him a lord is that, as a fellow-member said: "His stuff is too good; it is thrown away where he is."

A Princeton Quartet.

Burton E. Stevenson, whose novel, "The Heritage," has just appeared, is the youngest of four Princeton men who graduated in the early 90's, and have since done literary work of merit. The other three are James Barnes, Jesse Lynch Williams, and Booth Tarkington. Mr. Barnes published a book of war correspondence founded on experience in South Africa, which was remarkably clever, and Mr. Williams is altogether the best of the fiction writers who have dealt with the newspaper office.

St. Zola.

The "Kleine Zeitung" is responsible for the information that the family of Emile Zola can boast of a saint among its members. St. Zola, who was canonized in 1860, was a native of Brescia and was born about 1570. He was sent as a Jesuit missionary to Portuguese India, and in time made his way to Japan, where he was martyred in 1620.

More Poems by Field.

It is said that ten short poems by Eugene Field, as yet unpublished, have come to light among the poet's papers. The writings of Field were, owing to his hack work on newspapers, so voluminous that it has taken time to get to the end of them.

Crawford Arrives in New York.

Marion Crawford recently arrived in New York and will spend the holidays there. He spends most of his time on his beautiful estate at Sorrento, where he has been working upon a new book, "Cecilia," which deals with Italian life.

A Zionist Romance.

Dr. Herzl, the originator and chief promoter of the Zionist movement, has been for three years at work on a novel intended to further the cause which he has at heart.

The Birrells.

Mrs. Augustine Birrell has been collaborating with her husband in translating a legend of the Rhine by Victor Hugo. It will be published under the title, "The Story of the Bold Pecopin."

A Comment on Mark Twain.

Some one has recently brought to light a remark which Charles Reade made about Mark Twain. It is more forcible than lucid, but it is this: Reade had a vigorous way of expressing his opinions. He said of Mark Twain: "An American humorist, and really has much humor. But oh, his speech! Knock a macaw's head on an iron rail!"

A Friend of Poe.

The friend of Edgar Allan Poe, who was his companion during the last night of his tragic life in Richmond, proves to be Dr. J. F. Carter, a venerable Richmond physician, who has written the story of that night for one of the current magazines.

Jack London in England.

Jack London has lately been living in London, studying the life of that city at close range. He has spent his time largely among the poor, and is now at work upon a book which will deal with this experience.

THE LITTLE GHOST.

Under the shadow of the wood,
Soft in the dawning flowed the stream,
And shining there the shad-bush stood.
A slim ghost dreaming some deep dream.

Perchance an unknown troop had passed
In the dark night that way with her,
And where the tide some slow star glassed,
Lingered till she forgot to stir.

And morning found her light foot caught
Fast in the flags along the brink,
While rustling all her veils she sought
Back to her glooms to fade and sink.

All day she saw the silver shad
Slide up the stream, and all day long
From reeds and pools a piping glad
Rose round her in a ceaseless song.

Frail as a flake of snow, she thrilled
When the blithe bees about her came,
Or when from southern heaven spilled
The bluebird's wing flashed like a flame.

And happy people on the bridge,
Smiled at the sweet and airy thing,
And wayfarers along the ridge
Leaned low and said, Behold the Spring!

But still all day she stood and dreamed
Alone, till, when the moonlight hour
Fell down and mantled her, she seemed
A gimmering, shimmering ghost once more.

The wraith of all the springs to be,
The wraith of all the summers dead,
One day a great wind set her free—
The little ghost had waked and fled.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's.

JESTS IN SEASON.

Loud Enough.

"Is there much tone to her new dress?"

"Well, it has accordion plaits and fluted ruffles."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The Difference.

"It may take nine tailors to make a man," said the Boorish Bachelor, "but it only takes one fashionable dressmaker to break him."—Baltimore Herald.

The Dramatic Tendency.

"Yes, Wilkins has struck pay dirt."

"Eh! Mining?"

"No; he wrote a problem play."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Mighty Nimrod.

Young Rabbit—Oh, papa, hadn't we better run?

Old Rabbit—No danger, he just asked the guide if we were Welsh.—New York Sun.

A ROMANCE OF BLEECKER — THE RIVAL NEW YORKERS — STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.,

Author of "One of the Profession," "The Affair at Islington," "A Born Aristocrat," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Kent Penrhyn, a wealthy young clubman, is annoyed to hear he is reported to be engaged to Helen Brooks, a society girl. He likes Helen, but is not sure that he loves her. It is June. She is leaving for Newport. He calls to say good-by, and that she will not see him until August.

Upon leaving the Brooks home, in Madison Avenue, he walks down by way of Fifth Avenue and Washington Square, finally landing at Bleecker Street, in which neighborhood he was born. A woman's scream calls attention to a child, who has fallen beneath an approaching car. He rescues the child unhurt and restores it to its mother, a Russian, who has just been dispossessed. A benevolent German starts a collection, to which Penrhyn contributes liberally. A very attractive girl of about twenty asks Penryn if he can speak to the woman in French. He does so, and with the girl's help secures new lodgings for the Russian family. Penrhyn is greatly impressed with the charm and dignity of the Bleecker Street maiden, who works in a small store which bears the name of Arthur Preble. After the incident Penrhyn goes to the river front and meditates on the absurdity of social barriers. He attends the Casino with a friend, Ned Watson, who is engaged to be married to Ella Granger, a society girl. Ned is deeply in love and extols love and marriage—with the right girl. Cites an acquaintance, Bletcher, as an example of unhappiness in marrying out of one's own social station. Penrhyn, at home, wonders at Watson's enthusiasm. He thinks that the nearest he has come to it was when his Bleecker Street heroine spoke to him.

He cannot get her out of his mind, and the next day on the excuse of looking for his cane, he returns to North Bleecker Street. The German grocer has kept the cane for him. So there is no excuse of going to the store where the young woman works. He learns, however, that she is Louise Preble, daughter of the proprietor. He goes uptown to his club, still ruminating on the absurdity of class distinctions in a free country.

Although he does not see Louise Preble, he cannot tear himself away from town. On the Fourth of July, however, he and Ned Watson go to Brighton Beach, and Penryn finds himself seated at dinner opposite Louise and her father.

They fall naturally into conversation, and Kent is delighted to find them well read and cultivated. They go to the fireworks together and then home by boat, parting at the Battery. Kent seems half in a dream when he is in the elevated train. Ned wonders who the Prebles are. Kent explains, and asks if Ned thinks society would be shocked if he married Louise Prebles. Ned thinks it would, but that their individual happiness for life is more important, and bids him go ahead. Kent, still undecided, contemplates a trip to Europe.

CHAPTER V.

At the Concert.

PENRHYN did not go to Europe that summer. When he woke up on the morning of the 5th of July he realized that it would be cowardly as well as futile to attempt to fly from himself. He decided to stay in town till August and then go to Newport, according to his original intention. Helen Brooks would be glad to see him, and perhaps——

But he never thought further in this direction. He was trying his best to put Louise Preble out of his mind. She seemed to be utterly unattainable. He felt, however, that for the present, at least, he could enthrone no other image there.

Since that Fourth of July night Watson had not spoken to him of the affair. He was evidently waiting for his friend to open the subject again himself. But Penrhyn never touched upon it.

So time went on, and the summer heat increased in power, and the letters Helen wrote were full of expressions of admiration for Kent's bravery in sticking it out in town. In his replies he stated that he fancied he could keep as cool there as anywhere, and that for the rest the contrast between the dullness of New York and the gayety of Newport would cause him to appreciate the latter all the more when he arrived there.

"I am sorry," she wrote in reply to this, "that you are compelled to make what we can offer tempting by a preparatory period of sackcloth and ashes for the sake of contrast," and Penrhyn saw that he had made a faux pas.

But he did not trouble himself about this. In fact, he troubled himself about nothing these days. He lived from hour to hour, as it were, neither back to the past nor forward into the future.

With the last week in July came Watson's vacation. He had planned to go with a friend camping out in the Adirondacks. He tried to persuade Penryhn to accompany them.

"There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't, Pen," he pleaded. "You know you can get away from the office whenever you want to."

"Admitted; but, frankly, I don't care about roughing it, Ned. Besides, I am going up to Newport, you know, in a week or two."

So Watson went off without him with some misgivings in his heart. Penrhyn's demeanor during the past three weeks had caused him moments of anxiety. He did not like, for one thing, this silence he preserved on the Preble affair. Then he had been inclined to mope off by himself in his room in the evenings, pleading an interesting novel to finish. But when Watson, once or twice, had gone up with a friend to call upon him there was no book near him.

To be sure, he had gone out of town every Sunday to stay with friends in the country, but he had returned by an early train on Monday morning just as if his duties tied him down with the busiest.

"Poor chap," Watson reflected. "He's got a bad case. I wish I could do something to help him. It's very unfortunate he didn't fall in love with Helen Brooks."

When Watson had gone, Penrhyn found himself with the prospect of being absolutely alone in town for a few days. His father was staying at Greenwich for a week. There was scarcely a soul at the club, no one whom Penrhyn knew, and for the first time that summer he found himself without a specific invitation to go out of town for Sunday. To be sure, there were several homes open to him—places where he had perfect liberty to go and come when he pleased. But when Friday night came round he decided that he would best enjoy remaining where he was. He had never passed a midsummer Sunday in the city. He was anxious to undergo the novel sensation of the experience.

On Saturday night he went up to the ncert at the St. Nicholas Rink. He d been there several times with Watson; but now he went alone. He took his place at one of the tables and watched the people, contrasting them with the sort he had seen in the same building when skating and hockey were in season. Nearly all were in pairs, mostly young men and women. There was not a single familiar face in the throng.

When the first intermission came, and a number of people got up to promenade around the floor, Penrhyn remained where he was, his eyes fixed on the panorama of humanity unreeled before him. Suddenly he started slightly. Here at last was a face he recognized—two of them—Louise Preble and her father.

Penrhyn half rose from his chair to go down and join them, no more able to resist the temptation than to cease his breathing. But a second glance showed him that there were three in their party, the other member a young man walking on the farther side of Louise, talking to her with animation. He was a pleasant looking fellow, apparently a little older than herself. Mr. Preble seemed to be listening to what he was saying with as much interest as his daughter.

Penrhyn kept his eyes fixed on the group as they slowly moved along, and then located them at their table. Louise kept looking at her program except when the young man spoke to her; then she would put it down and listen to him till her father joined in the talk, when she would once more begin to read. During the playing she watched the leader attentively, now and then putting up her hand as if to enjoin silence between her companions.

There was a vacant place at their table. Why shouldn't he go down and occupy it? He had decided long since that he was not going to let class distinctions stand in the way of his happiness; he had been equally determined not to force himself upon the Prebles. Now that he had met them again it was natural that he should go up and speak to them. As for the presence of that young man, he might be a brother, a cousin, or perhaps a suitor for Louise's hand. If the latter was the case it was best that Penrhyn should know the fact at once; the sooner the better. While the piece preceding the next intermission was being played he rose and walked down among the tables until he reached the one at which the Preble party were seated.

Louise saw him first. A light come into her eyes which set his heart to beating violently. She spoke quickly to her father, whose brow darkened perceptibly. But he said "Good evening" in a sufficiently cordial manner, and then presented "Mr. Crocker." No one had asked Penrhyn to be seated, and he remained standing behind the vacant chair, his hands on the back of it.

"How are you enjoying the concert, Miss Preble?" he began.

"It is beautiful," she replied. "I am so fond of music. The 'Faust' selection was charming, and that movement from Schubert's symphony."

"I don't like any of it as well as a brass band playing the 'Anvil Chorus,'" broke in Mr. Preble. "Don't you agree with me, Horace?"

He put his hand on Crocker's shoulder and roused him from the sort of lethargy into which Penrhyn's advent had thrown him.

"Yes, oh yes, you're quite right, Mr. Preble," he replied now, and then his eyes went back to Penrhyn, who was still talking earnestly with Louise.

"Have you heard many of the new operas, Miss Preble?" he asked.

"No, I have never heard an opera in my life," she answered. "But I have read about them, and heard selections from them in concerts like this. Of course, I should love to see a performance, but then I sometimes think it is better as it is. You know if the singers did not happen to be very fine my illusion would be shattered."

"I wish I might see you at your first opera, Miss Preble," Penrhyn spoke impulsively. "I mean at such a performance as we had last winter at the Metropolitan. I think there would be no shattered illusions there."

"You go a great deal, I suppose?" she said.

"About twice a week, but I am sorry to say I do not always have the opportunity as I should like to do. How are our Russians getting along, Miss Preble?"

"I have seen nothing of them lately. It is possible they may have moved out West."

"Your friend, Mr. Watson, where is he tonight?" here broke in Mr. Preble.

"Oh, he has gone up to the Adirondacks on a camping-out trip."

"And you did not go along? You are going to remain in the city all summer, are you?"

Penrhyn fancied there was a note of sharpness in Mr. Preble's voice as he put the question.

"Oh, no; I am going to Newport next month," he replied, and he imagined he saw an expression of relief come into Mr. Preble's face.

"To Newport!" exclaimed Crocker. "Have you ever been there before?"

"Oh, yes; I go there almost every year."

"It is very—very nice there, isn't it?" went on the young man.

He was looking at Penrhyn steadily now, taking in every detail of his dress, from his low, broad collar and puff scarf to his patent-leather Oxford ties.

"Yes, it is pleasant if one has friends among the cottagers."

"And you have plenty of those, I suppose?" the other went on.

"Oh, yes; I am going to stay at the house of one of them."

"What is Newport like?" broke in Louise. "I always imagine it to be a series of beautiful homes fronting on the ocean, with all the yachts lying at anchor in front of them, and handsome carriages driving back and forth on a broad avenue between."

"Oh, no, it is not at all like that," returned Penrhyn, and he thereupon proceeded to describe the location of the harbor near the old town, thinking, as he talked, how he would delight to have his attentive listener for a traveling companion when he went there next month. Before he finished the music struck up again.

"Won't—won't you sit down?" said Louise.

He stepped around to the front of the chair across which he had been leaning, and during the rendering of the rest of the program thought not of his family prejudices, nor of the little store in Bleecker Street, nor of the two men behind him—his entire attention was enchained by the music and her face. She was sitting so that he could see this as he looked toward the conductor's stand. He marveled anew at the lines of culture and refinement he found in it, and then called himself a cad for marveling.

"Why shouldn't Bleecker Street be as refined as Fifth Avenue?" he said to himself. And then the music ceased and they two spoke about the beauty of it, and he told her something of the composer, and she listened with her eyes fastened steadily on his face in a fashion that seemed to electrify all his nerves.

As in a dream, he heard Mr. Preble say, "Won't you join us?" and summoned the waiter, but Penrhyn shook his head and put up his hand as the band struck up again. Never before had beer appeared to him so incompatible with music.

When the final note of the last piece died away and there was a pulling back of chairs and a general uprising, Penrhyn felt as though he was about to be roused from some beatific vision.

"We shall go out into the street now," he told himself. "They will say good night under the arcade and will not ask me to call, and it will be a chance if ever I see her again, as it was chance that I saw her these last two times."

He felt as if he could not bear this now, as though he was not able to stand the separation just yet. They had all risen and were moving toward the door. Crocker had dropped back and was asking Louise how she had enjoyed the concert.

Penrhyn's thoughts were flying at a gallop, trying to devise some scheme by which he could continue in the present company.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.